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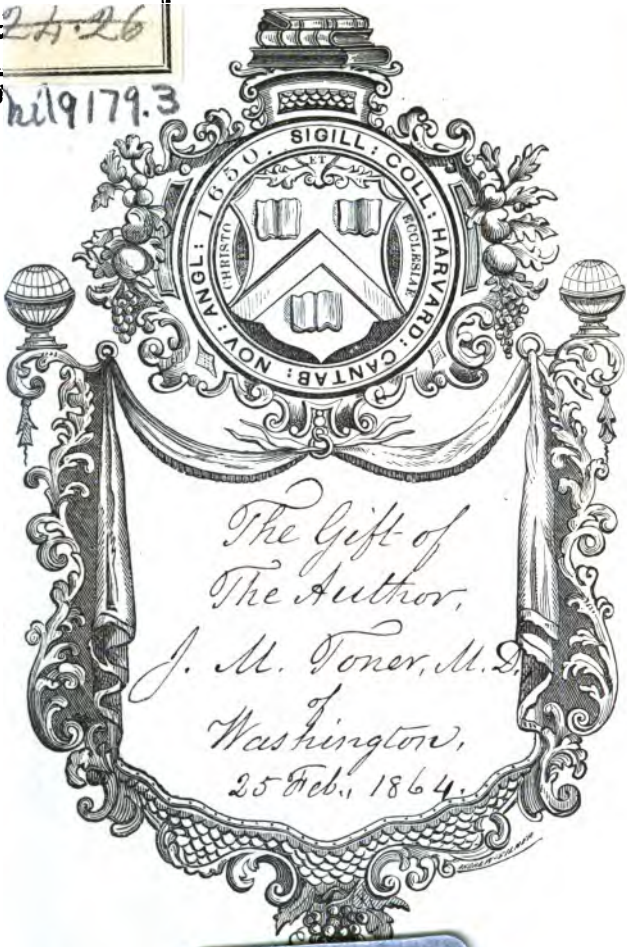

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Maternal Instinct,

Or Love.

By J. M. Toner, M. D.

"And Rachel, seeing herself without children, envied her sister, and said to her husband: Give me children, otherwise I shall die."
Gen. xxx, 1.

BALTIMORE:
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PREFACE.

THE following fragmentary chapters, illustrative of Maternal Instinct, or Love, were written during the past summer as relaxtion from professional duties. In them I have endeavored to show that the laws of Maternal Instinct are coexistent with, if not a part of, the mysterious laws of life itself. Wedded maternity is undoubtedly the most honorable position or office that a woman can fill upon earth, and worthy of the highest praise. It is feared that modern society is encouraging the growth of a pernicious sentiment adverse to the religious fulfillment by woman of all the obligations that nature and the holy relation of wife and mother impose. To honor mothers and encourage those who do not, to esteem and honor them as they deserve, and thereby in some degree counteract so baleful an influence, have I written these chapters.

I have selected to illustrate Maternal Instinct, or Love, well attested examples from widely different sources. The accompanying reflections and incidents are therefore given to the public in the hope that they may conduce to a more correct appreciation of *woman's true sphere* and the *dignity of maternity*.

J. M. T

WASHINGTON CITY, *December*, 1863.

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CHAPTER I.

Maternal Instinct, or Love.

"A mother's love!
"If there be one thing pure,
"Where all beside is sullied;
"That can endure
"When all else pass away:
"If there be aught
"Surpassing human deed, or word, or thought,—
"It is a mother's love!"

LOVE of offspring is an instinctive impulse, not confined alone to the female of the human species, but belongs to the female sex of every kind of living thing. It is a natural sentiment or moral affection belonging pre-eminently to human beings; in whom maternal duty, domestic happiness, and all the hopes, purposes and

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pleasures of life seem to meet and centre in obedience to the beneficent law of the Creator. Woman is endowed with an instinctive love for children, which maternity develops into the most persistent characteristic of her nature. And, if she be possessed of the noblest sensibilities of her sex, she relinquishes without regret the enjoyment of all former loves and amusements, and any duty to her child, however laborious, becomes a pleasure. Late hours of the night are stolen from the sleep that her tired nature requires to reinvigorate the body for the labors of the coming day. And every moment of time that can be snatched from the never-ending busy rounds of domestic duties is devoted with exquisite pleasure to woman's characteristic and delightful occupation, the embroidering and fashioning

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of becoming dresses to decorate and beautify her children.

The artistic genius of the female in this particular branch commences to develop itself in early girlhood with her fondness for dolls, which she dresses in the latest fashion and in the brightest and gayest colors that her fancy can suggest. In mimic life she gives them all the care and attention that mothers give to their living children.

The chaste desire that arises in every female breast to have children is a natural, honorable and virtuous aspiration of the maternal instinct, equally creditable to the head and the heart. It is, too, in entire accord with all the reasonable obligations and restraints that modesty, religion and sex impose for woman's elevation and protection, the dignity and harmony

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of families and the good of society. If it is desirable and praiseworthy to be a father, it is even more so to be the honored mother of a family of brave sons and virtuous daughters. The dream of every girl and true woman of soul and enthusiasm is for the creation out of her own existence of a new and more glorious being than the world ever saw, and she cherishes and enjoys this hope in virtuous silence until a lover is accepted, to whom she seemingly bestows, unawares, this same undefined hope of creative love to be fulfilled in their joint lives. Every woman feels conscious of a special genius for developing the highest traits of character in her child, and to make it the noblest ornament of its race and age. This is a natural inspiration of the female heart not often enough heeded. Every wo-

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man's heart qualities are improved, elevated and expanded by obedience to and fulfillment of Nature's laws in maternity. Crowned by love's consent queen loyal to man's interests, is the wife and mother whom his heart worships and his taste selects to rule over his domestic domain, and by her amiability and good example to preserve peace and order in its society, and promote brotherly love and good fellowship among all acquaintances, and encourage the peaceful and elevating pursuits of life at their fountain, the family fireside. Charity, virtue and humanity have their roots in wedded maternity, the tap-root of civilization, whence grows and flourishes the best fruits that human nature is capable of producing, modified, of course, by surrounding circumstances of climate, culture and race, elevated by re-

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vealed religion or degraded by the want of it.

The most beautiful, and, at the same time, the most charming of God's creatures, is *woman*, when possessed of a sound mind, a healthy constitution, a vigorous frame, symmetry of proportion, every part and faculty acting in harmony, grace in every motion, and who is under the control of virtuous principles and a cultivated intellect.

Every human being who has lived, and possessed moral and intellectual force of character sufficient to benefit his race, has been but the seedling of genius, a bud from the hearts and souls of real lovers, who had fulfilled the laws of God and been impelled to an act of immortal record in the creation of an offspring uniting and inheriting their vir-

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tues. Man's best thoughts and aspirations toward the perfection of the good and the beautiful in himself, and for the perpetuation of his race, are but the touchings and whisperings of God's all-pervading Spirit, perceived through kindred faculties and natural powers, and in the obedient and virtuous blending of the highest and holiest emotions of the heart and soul in one concert of sweet, unceasing harmony of domestic happiness in this life and in a bright immortality hereafter. The sancity of pure human love, binding betrothed souls together, under the divine impulse, in holy wedlock, glows with the heat and light of benign peace and beauty, so intense as to bewilder, madden and destroy every chance of earthly happiness in the cold-hearted, impious pretender who dares by decep-

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tion to put on its sacred livery, counterfeit its virtues or assume its prerogatives. Bodily fitness, suitableness of age, mental capacity, purity of character, earnestness of purpose and voluntary and reciprocal attachments are some of the physical and moral requisites essential to the enjoyment of happiness in the married state. The offspring of such mothers and parents, possessing the dispositions and qualities I have endeavored to describe, have stamped in the past, as they will in the future, their character and genius upon their age, and have surprised the world with their beauty and enlightened it by their wisdom. The child is not wholly the reproduction of either parent, but of both; possessing elements of character in a degree in accordance with the circumstances and conditions, physical, moral and emo-

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tional, possessed or acquired by them, and blending to stamp character upon their offspring in its conception. To the mother, it is conceded, beyond all question, that she exercises a greater influence upon her offspring's moral and intellectual character than the father, from her closer relation to it, both before and after its birth. When, however, the character of the husband is such as to enlist her heart and mind at all times with enthusiastic pride and admiration for his genius, her offspring will be sure to inherit his talents and peculiarities, combined with, and modified by her own character.

The fundamental principle and strongest sentiment of organic life, is its craving for posterity. All the poetry that lovers throw around the domestic altar is but the frank innocence of youth attesting

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their faith in each other. That man most enjoys health and happiness in this world who is most obedient to Nature's laws within the sphere of duties assigned to him by his Creator. If he obeys God, he has His promise not only that he shall live and enjoy life here, but that he shall live hereafter. From His love creation sprang! A smile from God it stood! Life is His breath, and love His law! Man, God's best handiwork, owes all to Him—his birth, his life, his possessions and his hopes eternal! He is the Great First Cause, originating and sustaining all; whose inexhaustible love and mercy ever worketh His creatures' good!

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Chapter II.

Maternity, the True Sphere of Woman.

Life is a circuit of a few short years. Its wants, its aims and perfections are of God's designing. To use the talents that are given us with industry, humility and obedience, and keep clean and pure the tabernacle of the soul, and to love one another is the fulfillment of the law and the commandments. Love for our race is a natural as well as a Christian duty. The love for offspring is an unchangeable principle firmly implanted in every living breast. Its hope and fulfillment is the complement of physical perfection and moral sensibility. It is the completeness

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of life longing for immortality and seeking to exercise creative power. It is the law of man's perpetuity on earth rejuvenating at the fountain of life through never-ending generations of creative love and worshipful obedience to our Maker, as the mountain springs return from the ocean to the fountain to keep up the ever-flowing current. It is as much in accordance with the physical nature of man to fulfill the law of his being by perpetuating his species, as it is the duty of his moral nature to love and worship its Maker to merit eternal life. The law of sex, propelling the perpetual genesis of the race, is as permanently stamped upon our natures as the law which determines our physical forms and other characteristics. If the question of offspring had been left to man's choice and convenience

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alone, the population of the world would have received serious interruptions from his diverse interests and whims. Obedience to this parental instinct is a compliance with the demands of an important function of life, increasing largely the sum of human happiness, domesticating and ennobling the race, elevating man nearer to his God, harmonizing his discordant passions and purifying his fallen nature in accordance with the laws of the universe. She who fulfills in her own person this great crowning law of Nature — *maternity* — subject to the dictates of virtue and religion, perfects her physical life and expands immeasurably her world of thought, experience and useful and honorable relationship to her race. The whole organized physical world marches toward this fulfillment and duty with as

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much certainty, harmony and regularity as do the months and seasons of the year that produce and ripen the fruits of the earth. Life travels in a circle: ever beginning — ever ending — always continuing. Man's life touches the beginning, middle and end of time. Marriage and giving in marriage, is the grand occupation of life.

Woman's influence, through her affections, has in all ages of the world governed, to a great extent, the affairs of state as well as of families. Her influence is everywhere and never ending, and gives a tone to nearly every act of her child's life. The frivolity and buoyant hope of youth and early maturity that occupies the heart at this age may cause a temporary neglect of filial respect and duty, but ripened years in genial natures

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not wholly perverted to evil, bring reflection that discovers the affections green, generous and worshipful as the fondest mother can wish.

It is a task entirely to the taste of the female heart, and accords perfectly with her ambition and maternal instinct, to educate her child's mind and direct its tastes and morals in the saving principles of probity; and, when grown to maturity, lead it with just pride upon the broad field of worldly pursuits and personal efforts to win preferment and honorable distinction in the great battle of life. It is dressed in all the armor of rectitude and moral safety that a mother's inspired love can supply to protect the jewel of her affections from the impulsiveness of its own awakening passions and the baleful influence of seductive associations that

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are met with in all vocations and in all ranks of society.

With the mother it is love's labor which she bestows upon her child, and which always brings its own rich reward and reflects honor upon herself; for, to dress attractively her child is to educate its taste, please her husband, and excite the admiration and respect of its playmates and all who may see it. She caresses and plays with her child to gratify her own affection and to develop its perceptive faculties, cherishing the fondest hopes for it of a career of honor and usefulness in life. With a mother's divining instinct she watches for the earliest manifestations of its unfolding mind, which she captivates by her charms, and directs and educates through the unbounded number and variety of the ambrosial

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channels of maternal affection. A mother's tact and wonderful patience early teach it to make intelligent gestures, and her persuasive voice to lisp precociously pet words and pronounce endearing epithets, to the infinite joy of its parents. What mother, with true affection for her child, ever grew weary of its company, or did not daily discover in it new traits of developing character to admire and direct! She feels the truth of the adage, "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," and knows that "the child is father to the man." She endeavors, to the best of her ability, to direct its mind in the most ennobling channels.

To be a mother is to love — to love unceasingly. It is no longer a choice, but a necessity of her nature. She loves her child, however beautiful or homely, how-

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ever bright or dull; it makes not the least change upon her feelings, or affects in the slightest degree her solicitude for its welfare. Her affection springs from her heart, which has no eyes, and therefore sees no defects. Love, not pride, for her offspring is the paramount sentiment of her life.

A mother's love is a perennial sun, ever in its zenith; warm and genial; never setting or casting a shadow; dependent upon no country; the same in all climates and conditions of life; smiling an unceasing stream of primal love and godspeed upon her children. This love is born in the fruit of maternity's hope. O'erleaping the grave, it lives eternal in heaven.

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Chapter III.

The Holiest Example of a Mother's Love.

Every Christian feels that the holiest example of maternal love the history of the world has preserved to man, is that of the Blessed Virgin Mary for her Divine Son, the Saviour of mankind. Her purity and spotless character, and ready obedience in faith to all God's holy precepts, distinguished her among the daughters of the house of David as the virgin most worthy of a distinction so great as that of being the mother of the Messiah, "whom all generations shall call blessed." From the moment that the angel of heaven an

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nounced to her that she was to be the mother of the Divine Son, and intrusted with the knowledge of his true nature, and what trials awaited him in his life of labors upon earth, and the sorrows and sufferings he would have to undergo for man's good — suffering even unto death upon the cross — her life was one of the greatest solicitude and most unremitting care. It was to her woman's heart that was first made known the all-important secret that the Son of God had come upon earth to be born of a woman, to propitiate with the Father for man's redemption. Her visit for sympathy to her aged cousin Elizabeth, and her salutation, "Blessed art thou because thou hast believed," are all so characteristically feminine and human that our hearts are impulsively moved to join in her prayer. The Saviour

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was born under painfully embarrassing circumstances of poverty and want of comforts, in mid-winter, while they were at Bethlehem, to be enrolled according to law, and, owing to the crowded condition of the inns, no room could be obtained in them or in any house, so that they were compelled to take shelter for the night in an inhospitable stable.

The Blessed Virgin's heart was troubled for the safety of her infant, but her faith in God's providence sustained her in the hour of her great trial. Here, surrounded by dumb brutes, with no sympathizing heart but that of her spouse, Joseph, near to her, though watched over secretly by heavenly angels, in the dread silence of the night did she first clasp to her enraptured bosom, to warm and to nourish, the breathing form of her Divine Son. The

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only relief to the darkness that enveloped the face of the sleeping world was the radiance of the glory that shone from the infant Son of God, and the brightness of the star that appeared in the heavens to the wise men and to the shepherds in the field, announcing the glad tidings of great joy, that that day was born to the world a Saviour. She cared for her infant Son's wants as best her love could devise, cradling Him in her faithful arms, the manger of the stable being his only couch when out of them.

King Herod having heard from the wise men of the appearance of "the star in the east," and of the birth of the Messiah, with evil intent ordered the child to be brought to him; but failing to get possession of it, he ordered all the male children in his kingdom under two years

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of age to be put to death, hoping, in this cruel way, to insure its death. This edict was a new terror to the already afflicted but devoted mother. The angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph, and directed him to take the child and his mother and fly with them into Egypt for safety; which they did.

She watched over him with unceasing devotion through youth up to manhood, when he set about the business of his Father who sent him.

Her influence over him was publicly acknowledged, and her maternal authority honored at the wedding feast, when he performed his first miracle by changing the water into wine at her urgent request. She attended him faithfully through the three years of his eventful ministry, and was an ardent believer in the saving

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truths he taught to his disciples and the multitude that came to hear him.

As the time for his great trial and the consummation of his earthly labors drew nigh, her mother's heart was hourly lacerated by a knowledge of the bitter cup that could not pass away, and that he was to drink to the bottom for the redemption of the world. She was with him through his agony upon the cross, when all his followers, save a few women and the Beloved John, had deserted him. Here she received from him the last heart-throb of earthly sympathy manifested by him upon earth, and was by him affectionately recommended to the special care of his beloved Apostle, John. After his cruel crucifixion, she had his precious body carefully entombed. She was probably

"Last at the cross and earliest at the grave."

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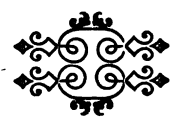
What more could love suggest or mortality perform! She had experienced the noblest passion of the human soul — that of being a mother; and the saddest sorrow — that of consigning her child to the grave. It is this love and this sorrow which endear her so much to our human hearts, and make her life of love so full of examples worthy imitation.



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CHAPTER IV.

The Guahiba Mother.

HUMBOLDT, in his narrative of travels in South America, relates a remarkable instance of maternal love in a wild, untutored Indian. A woman of the Guahiba tribe, with her two small children, was captured by a band of armed Indians led by a white man, from the Mission of San Fernando, bound, and ruthlessly dragged upon their boat, and taken away from her husband and her people. Again and again did she elude the vigilance of the guard placed over her, seizing her children whenever an opportunity afforded and carrying them into the woods,

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where she would conceal herself and them in the endeavor to return to their father and her kindred; but she was always recaptured, and when brought back severely punished by whipping. It was all in vain. She could not understand why she was detained, and why she received such treatment. There was one predominant and overruling sentiment of her existence, which governed all her actions, and that was her love for her children, and her desire to escape with them. Finally, when it was found to be impossible to subdue this indomitable spirit in her, they determined to separate the mother from her children. Accordingly, she was bound and put in a boat and sent up the Atabapo river to another Mission. On the voyage, she watched her chance, and breaking unobserved the withes that

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bound her arms, boldly leaped into the stream and swam to the shore, which is lined with rocks. The current carried her to the base of one which rose high and far above all others; which, however, she climbed with agility, escaping into the forest beyond. But again she was pursued and brought back, and, stretched upon the summit of this identical rock, unmercifully whipped, as they supposed, into submission. Little could they fathom the depth and strength of love that lay concealed and unconquerable in this fond mother's bosom, and which, by their cruelty and her maternal heroism, had that day consecrated "the mother's rock" to be an eternal monument to a mother's love. The future traveler will visit it with devout interest, and his heart will whisper, "What is stronger

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than a mother's love?" Sailors revere the spot, and the passing boatmen raise their oars out of respect to her memory as they pass.

More carefully bound, she was again placed in the boat and the voyage resumed. The Mission Javita was reached at dark. She was left tied in a large house, and put under guard; but in the night she managed to loosen with her teeth the bindings on her arms, which once at liberty, her feet were soon set free, and before it was light she had escaped to the woods and undertaken what no civilized European or savage had ever accomplished — a journey by land, through swamp and forest, and almost impenetrable underbrush, from Javita to San Fernando — with no food but ants, no protector but Providence, and no guide but

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the instinct of a mother's heart, drawing her to her children as truly as does the pole the mariner's needle. In absence, in bonds and in torture, her heart and soul had but one throb and one aim — her children, her children, and still and forever, her children! On the fourth day this devoted mother had returned to San Fernando, and, after having found and caressed her children, was discovered carrying them off to the woods, but so enfeebled from wounds, and loss of blood, and want of food on her devoted journey, as to be in an almost dying condition. As her jewels were torn from her fond embrace, nature relieved her mental and physical sufferings by a swoon.

Her wounds were hastily dressed, and, unrelenting in their determination to keep her a prisoner, and yet to separate her

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from her children, she was immediately placed in a boat and sent far off on the river Esmeralda, beyond the Upper Orooноko, to a Mission there. She lay insensible during most of the voyage, but on their arrival at the Mission, restoratives being given to her, she awoke to a consciousness of her condition and position amongst strangers, from whom she could expect no sympathy. Separated from her dear children, and with no recollection of the route she was brought, her mother's heart for the first time failed her, and she gave up to utter despair. Refusing to eat or to speak, she died; having consecrated by her life of love and devotion to her children a monument that will remain to do her honor, and shame the cruelty of her captors, as long as the waters of the Atabapo continue to flow and wash the base of "the mother's rock."

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Chapter V.

Maternal Sympathy.

The noble sentiment, "Let me kiss him for his mother," is attributed to the heart of a poor unlettered child of nature, clothed in the scanty rags of poverty, but in whose heart beat warmly a sympathetic love for her race. When upon her daily round of laborious duty, to secure a meagre sustenance for herself and children, she passed by chance a tenement of death, and was attracted, though horrified, to witness the cold-heartedness with which hired hands were rudely tumbling the lifeless form of a strange youth, who had just died of a prevailing

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epidemic, into a rough coffin, at the same time ruthlessly abstracting from his person and despoiling him of whatever of value they could discover. Finely-wrought linens, the forethought or handiwork of his mother, and prized gifts of rare value from her and his sisters, or, perhaps, a nearer and dearer one — everything of value — they appropriated to their own cupidity. Several of our poets have celebrated this incident in beautiful and touching verse, detailing the facts and the maternal sentiment expressed by the stranger with poetic feeling and moving pathos. Appropriate music has been set to the lines, which now form one of our most popular songs.

This noble and promising youth, but a few brief days before, had received the parting blessing and kiss of affection and

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peace from his anxious mother and sisters, and set out upon the world's highway with buoyant hopes and bright promises of a prosperous future. Now he lay stark in death on the very threshold of the journey — his dreams unfulfilled and the image broken — with his uncombed Adonis locks curling around his fair young brow. His career is the lesson of life — the fate of many. His eyes closed forever, far away from his home, his kindred and his friends. Without one familiar face to enliven the sad scene by its friendly look, or a familiar voice to utter one cheering word of sympathy or condolence, he died. No soft kindred hand was near to soften and smooth the pillow of pain and anguish, or cool the burning brow and soothe the racking brain; no attentive

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nurse to give a cup of cold water to quench the burning thirst or moisten the parched tongue, or dampen the fevered lip of death; no watchful, friendly heart stood by with eager listening ear to catch the last prophetic parting wish his fleeting soul had to make on earth, and bear the message to the dear ones at home. Touched by the sad spectacle of neglect and desolation around, and the utter want of human sympathy for the boy exhibited by those in charge, she begged, out of respect for his mother who loved him, and because he was human, that, before the lid should be nailed upon his coffin, shutting out forever the cold, worldly gaze of indifference, and as no kindred heart was there to give his corpse a final parting embrace of affection, she might herself be permitted to "kiss him for his mother's

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sake." Who but a mother, with a mother's sympathies, could have conceived or uttered such a genuine heart sentiment? It touches the soul of every human being who has a mother to love if living, or her memory to revere if dead. In her dwells the highest type of earthly purity, whence springs, and in which is anchored, all our faith and trust in humanity. What a universal kindred bond thou createst, oh Motherhood! How the human sympathies are enlarged and harmonized by maternity! This humble mother felt the cords of her loving soul move in sympathy for the unknown mother whose choicest jewel was being consigned, without one tear or one heart throb, to the cold embrace of the silent grave. The touching and unexpected request by this poor, unknown woman,

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amazed all who heard her, for it sounded the key-note of human sympathy and Christian charity, and was at the same time a severe condemnation of their conduct. They would have jeered, but her manner was too earnest, her appeal was too touchingly human, and her execution of it too solemn and sacred. It had in it, as its prime motive, the highest element of human maternal greatness, and a sympathy worthy the richest diadem that ever graced the head or sparkled upon the brow of female royalty. Nobility of nature is confined to no country or rank in life. Her's was of the highest order of Nature's nobility. No matter how circumscribed her sphere of influence, or humble her calling, or unpretending her dress and demeanor, her sympathies for her race were natural, pure and ac-

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tive; her impulses charitable and Christian. What mother, who will ever hear of this deed of maternal tenderness by her prototype, but will honor her memory and bless her name through all time to come, and be the kinder to the suffering stranger who may chance to come her way, "for his mother's sake!"

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Chapter VI.

Sympathy Among Animals.

The intellectual capacity, moral nature and domiciliary habits of the human race, with its social qualities and the restraints which religion, culture and society impose, reveal to us maternal love in its most exalted form; but it is nevertheless beautifully and characteristically exemplified in the lives of every variety of animals with whose habits we have any acquaintance.

History furnishes many undoubted instances of self-love in brutes being entirely under the control of the superior affections natural to generous minds. I

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will hereafter record a few marked examples of maternal protective instinct and tenderness exhibited by mothers for their own young, as well as for the young of other species. Sympathy for suffering is a universal quality or character possessed by all animal life, and often manifested by one for another, both of its own and different species, and sometimes for man. The voice of fear and suffering or distress is sounded in an intelligible tone or language which all living things seem to comprehend. The farmer and the man acquainted with the habits of animals know that the sound made by one in distress will certainly bring to it its own comrades, and others of different species, to help or relieve it if possible. And although their efforts may not always be successful, yet they are active and full of

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true sympathy. The elephant in its wild state will help its fellow that has been caught in a trap-ditch to dig away the banks and fill up the hole so as to enable it to escape. The faithful dog will rescue the drowning man, exhume from deep mountain snows the engulfed and freezing traveler and warm him into life with his own body; or lick to cure the cankered sores of his infirm master; and when he dies, lays himself down upon his grave to watch faithfully for his return and caress, remaining at his post until hunger compels him in sorrow to give up all hope of his master's return.

Freedom, peace, harmony and pleasure are loved by all living things, and each feels keenly the discord that suffering, cruelty and pain create within their hearing.

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The fear of death is upon all that lives, and there is a brotherhood among animals for their own protection. The following appropriate remarks, illustrative of this truth, are extracted from a recent English work upon Natural History, which I have seen since the foregoing pages were written:

"The clamor of crows, when they find a prize, tells the tale at once to all within hearing, and not to those of their own kind only, but to all ravens or rooks in the neighborhood.

"In the same manner birds communicate alarm and warning not only to those of their own species, but also to others. Often has the cry of a crow, who has suddenly, while passing over my head, discovered my hiding-place, caused a flock of geese or other wild fowl to take wing,

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as if they themselves had seen me; and many a shot have I lost by the cries of pee-wits and other birds.

"I have often been led to think that, when different kinds of wild fowl were feeding in a quiet place, the mallards and widgeon have taken no heed to their own security as long as there were either curlews or redshanks feeding near them; being apparently quite satisfied that these vigilant and noisy birds were sufficiently watchful sentinels to warn them on the first approach of danger.

"A stag takes warning from the alarm-note of the grouse or plover, as quickly as if he had himself seen an enemy, and from the manner of the bird's flight knows pretty accurately where the danger lies. In getting up to deer, it has more than once happened that I have had

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either to lie motionless for a long time, or to make a considerable circuit, to avoid putting up a cock grouse, who, eyeing my serpentine movements with suspicion, has been ready to rise with his loud cry of alarm had I approached a yard nearer to him. In fact there is a language of signs and observation carried on between animals of different kinds, which is as perfectly understood by them as if they could communicate by words."

The females of all species are the most gentle, and the most easily and perfectly domesticated. There is ever a touch of wild, restless savagery in the male and in man. Sympathy is almost a feminine quality. But "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

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Chapter VII.

Maternal Devotion.

In sickness, the labor, self-denial and want of rest which the mother can perform and endure in attending to the wants and in securing the comforts of her child, are truly marvelous. Nothing seems to check her perseverance, break down her constitution or lessen her heroism — even in fatal contagion — in the enthusiastic performance of maternal duties as long as hopes are cherished of the recovery of her child. But, oh, how changed in a moment is this untiring angel of devotion and energy when all hope has fled, and only the cold form of her beloved child

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is left irresponsive to her caress! The child of her own bosom, its tender life and helpless condition excite to the highest pitch her maternal sympathy, and stimulate to every exertion while life remains. Its death almost paralyzes her exhausted frame, which falls wilting, sometimes beyond the hope of recovery, from a debility of days or perhaps weeks of incredible labor, passed almost without food or sleep, for which she felt no want while it lived, as her very soul was absorbed in her exertion for her child's recovery.

Every nation and language has its proverbs illustrative of a mother's genius in protecting and caring for her children. "It is a poor hen that cannot scratch for her own chickens." There is a chivalry amongst all races of people which

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lends a responsive hand to help the widow and the orphan. God has implanted that quality in the female, and particularly the mother struggling to support her children, which commands almost universal sympathy, and against the necessities of which no door is closed or heart unmoved. Her faith in God and his protecting goodness sustains and gives her strength to perform, for the love of her children, labor to which in youth she was an entire stranger, and to attain almost impossible results for their good.

Shakspeare makes Lady Macduff say, when complaining of her husband having left her children unprovided:

"He wants the *nat'ral touch*, for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl."

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Man never did and never can labor with the spiritually-uplifted devotion, watchful care, and active personal superintendence and self-denial that woman does in caring for her offspring. The mother suddenly left a widow, and thrown entirely upon her own exertions, hardly ever fails to provide ways and means to clothe and feed her children. The indomitable force of maternal love surmounts all difficulties, and converts by her tact everything eatable into palatable and nourishing dishes; and every kind of cloth or old garment is cut and fashioned into becoming clothing for her children. Like the bird that plucks the feathers from its own breast to make a comfortable nest for its young, she will rob her own back to clothe her children. There are no exertions which either her

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physical frame or her mental powers are capable of performing, that the mother will not willingly make to secure a home for protection and food to sustain her children. Even when conscious that, day by day, the late hours that she is compelled to work to secure the cheap necessaries and scant comforts for their lives is slowly but surely dragging her own life to the grave, she will, nevertheless, devotedly persevere and sacrifice herself to her duty for their good. Unmurmuringly she will receive the shafts of cruel neglect, wrongs or persecutions upon her own devoted head, and shield and provide for her children as long as she has strength to do so. When forced by stern necessity to defend herself or her children, she seems instantly, by virtue of her maternal relation, to be pos-

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sessed of miraculous courage, and repels, with masterly heroism, which has commanded the admiration of the world in all ages, the attacks of ferocious wild beasts or brutalized man.

She is like the elephant, the giant of the forest, which gives a noble example of true maternal love and courage, when it places its own body as a breastwork of defense between its young and the wily hunters who have conspired to capture them. Thus it marches them to a place of safety within its native jungles, covering their retreat with its huge body, which receives the deadly arrows aimed at them until its sides are all lacerated and filled like a pin-cushion with arrows. It never abandons them; but either succeeds in getting them into a place of safe retreat or falls exhausted a bleeding

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martyr to maternal duty in its efforts to protect its young. I know of no female, however small or timid by nature, that will not, to the best of its ability, defend its young against all harm.

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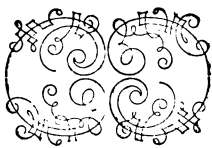

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Chapter VIII.

Maternal Love in Animals.

The officers and crew of a vessel in the Northern Ocean were witnesses of a remarkable example of maternal devotion exhibited for her young by a bear of that region. The ship lay at anchor for some months within a half mile of an uninhabited, ice-bound shore. The sailors had observed a bear to come down to the water's edge daily and gather food among the offal from the ship that was washed upon the shore. Although this was done within plain view of the ship, the distance was, nevertheless, too great for a rifle-shot to take effect. A few days later she was seen to be accompanied by a cou-

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ple of cubs, which she was teaching where and how to procure their own food. This sight excited the sailors to the highest pitch of adventurous sport to secure this game for the use of their table. Fresh meat, and especially game of this kind, is a rarity highly prized by mariners who are so long confined to salt diet in a protracted cruise. A boat expedition, by consent of the officers, was fitted out and directed to lay in wait off the shore and surprise the game on their next visit, which succeeded perfectly in the end, but not in the order designed. The first shot, which was a deliberate aim, was intended to kill the old one, but missed her and wounded, by chance, one of the cubs, much to the chagrin of the sailors. The mother, instead of escaping with her other cub, as she might easily have done,

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showed, instead of alarm for her own safety, the greatest distress and solicitude for her wounded cub, and endeavored to caress and coax it to follow her as she made pretense to retreat; but as it was unable, from the severity of its wounds, to do this, she, amid a shower of balls aimed at her from an inaccessible point, endeavored to drag it off herself to a place of safety, but fell mortally wounded in the effort, a martyr to her maternal love and duty. The two bodies were secured and the meat dressed, which afforded a superb feast to the whole ship's crew. The other cub was captured unharmed and taken on board the ship, where it grew up quite tame, and was afterwards brought to the United States.

The lion and lioness, undisputed masters of the forest, roam in haughty, wild

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freedom with their young whelps for prey, and free from molestation from all other animals, which, fearing them, keep out of their way. But if attacked by hunters, the lion forsakes the mother and her young, and takes to flight for his own safety. The lioness, however, becomes "terrible as the lion," defending her young with determined and ferocious courage to the last. All fear is lost in the paramount sense of maternal love and her duty to protect her young.

The professional trappers and hunters of the backwoods and mountain forests act upon a knowledge of those laws of maternal instinct which by tradition and observation they have learned, govern all animals. Instead of killing at once the young game they capture, they tie them as decoys to lead the old ones into a trap

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set for them — as they will be sure to come to see after their young — or in such position that they can secrete themselves so as to shoot the old ones on their approach.

Many domestic animals are controlled in a great measure through this instinct, and can be haunted to any locality by seeing their young, as is well known of the cow. By securing her calf at its new home, her attachment is sure to lead her to it, forsaking her old associations and pasture grounds, although she may have lived for years in sight of the place.

Natural history, and particularly the lives and habits of domestic animals, furnish striking examples of the strength of maternal love, or instinct. That chaste and classical writer, Addison, relates the fact that a bitch, unable to have her pup-

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pies, her owner had them cut out, she bearing patiently the severe and painful operation; but when they were about to be carried away from her, she whined in a peculiarly pitiful manner; and when they were returned and placed at her head, she expressed her joy amidst her agonies, and expired licking her offspring.

There was recorded, a few years since, in a Pittsburg paper, a very striking instance of maternal devotion exhibited by a dog for her young. A raft of lumber had been completed on the head waters of the Allegheny river, and was waiting, with its crew domiciled on board, for a rise in the water to enable them to float it off to a city market. A bitch owned by a family living close by, made a nest in the shavings on the raft undisturbed by the men, and had her pups there. Early one

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morning the rise in the river was sufficient to justify a start, but somehow, in the hurry and confusion incident to such an undertaking, the puppies were forgotten to be put on shore or the mother taken on board. So they became separated; but this was not discovered until the raft was under full headway in the middle of the stream. To stop a heavy raft when the water is high, even where there are regular landings, requires skill, and is attended with great labor and some risk. To stop now where they were was out of the question. Nor could they spare men to send a boat ashore with the puppies. Reluctantly the mother had to be left to her fate, the men resolving to take as good care of the puppies as they could under the circumstances. The mother, however, in a few minutes dis-

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covered her loss, and set up a howling cry of sorrow and distress, and followed in sight upon the shore, along the winding banks, uttering her pleading wail, and making a number of daring endeavors by swimming to get on board of the raft, but the flood current was so strong that she was soon left far behind and compelled for her own safety to return to shore. Here she would shake the water from her dripping body and recommence her devoted journey. Elegant prints representing this incident have been made, and are to be seen in books of engravings and hanging up in houses in the city of Pittsburg and elsewhere. She swam, heroically, rapid streams that crossed her path and emptied into the Allegheny, pursuing with eager hope and unfaltering nerve the drifting raft that bore away, she knew not whither, the young she loved so well.

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The close approach of night compelled the raftmen to "tie up" until another sun would rise and light them on their way. For some hours, as nothing had been seen or heard from Portia, that had so bravely pursued them in the morning, it was believed that she had become discouraged, or was unable to cross a large swift stream about fifteen miles back; but scarcely had they finished the fastening of the raft when their ears were saluted by the short exhausted barks of the persevering mother that had traveled over fifty miles and swam numerous creeks that day for love of her young. She was welcomed by the whole crew, but received their congratulatory pats with evidence of impatient pleasure, and rushed hurriedly away from them to her whining puppies, and, with the most marked whiskings of

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demonstrative joy when she found them all safe, nestled herself down to feed and caress them, embracing them with a fondness that seemed almost human.

Lamartine describes a beautiful instance of maternal love in the bird. A spring flood in the river Soane had risen to an unusual hight; the strong current had broken a branch from the parent tree upon which a bird had built with care its nest, and had its tender nestlings yet unfeathered in it. As the branch floated down the foaming stream, the female endeavored to place herself upon the nest to warm and protect her young, while the male bird flew around and over the nest, uttering a pitiful cry of distress at the certain destruction of its helpless occupants.

With the linnet and some other small wild birds, it is the custom of the male

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to set on the nest by turns, so as to protect and keep it warm while the female gathers food for its own sustenance. If you approach the nest when the male is setting upon it, he will fly off immediately, uttering indeed a distressed chirp or cry, but still he abandons it and flies away. But if you go to the nest when the female is in possession of it, you may advance so near as to see its bright little eye expand and glitter with fear, its chest heave with contending emotions, its heart beat almost to bursting under its slightly-raised wings, and its whole frame pant and quiver with agitation and terror. You may even go so far as to lay your hand upon her, yet she budges not from her post of duty. This is love. Here is courage, because there is fear, and devotion, because there is sacrifice.

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The numerous species of marsupial animals are peculiar in their anatomical conformation, as their name implies, and especially so in their domestic habits. The opossum is a familiar example of this class; but all of them are remarkable for the intelligent care of their young, which are born in the most rudimentary state of organic development of any animals known, and placed by the mother's devotion and instinctive tact in the abdominal sack, or pouch, arranged with teats, at which they feed, and where they grow until they are able to run about, when they occasionally leave this snug retreat. The opossum, which is not much larger than the domestic cat, is, however, nearly as prolific as the house rat, often having a brood of a dozen young ones to take care of at a time — this pouch answering

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as a place of refuge to all, while small, in case of danger, as well as for food and shelter. When partly grown, the mother will, with great affection, induce the whole brood — which is an instructive and amusing sight — to fasten themselves on her back and around her neck and legs, holding on with their arms and tail, which is prehensile, and in this way she will remove them from one place to another for food or security, defending them most heroically if attacked by man or beast.

Cats, squirrels, dogs and other domestic and wild animals exhibit great maternal solicitude for their young, and will remove them, as has often been witnessed, in their mouths, with special care and tenderness, long distances and into places of difficult access, from one nest to another, as safety or convenience may sug-

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gest to them. Wherever there is animal life, there is all the intelligence that the preservation of its species requires. The mother in all cases, too, is ever the guardian, teacher and defender of her young. Her heart is a constant sentinel, ever on guard for their protection.

The pelican, the bird of wild, tropical, sea-beaten shores, and of Africa's lonely desert, will bring food and water to its young, obtained from far distant rivers, and in emergencies it is said to open its own breast for its blood to flow for its young to feed upon, rather than they should suffer or die for want of food.

"Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
And toils and cares for their good?
It brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the sea for their food;
In famine it feeds them, what love can devise!
The blood of its bosom, and, feeding them, dies!"

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As most boys have learned, parent wild birds will continue to labor for and feed their young through the bars of the prison cage in which their captors confine them, even when there can be no hope of escape. It is a fable, as I have more than once proven, that at a certain age the old ones, finding their young cannot escape or accompany them, will feed them on poisonous berries to insure their death. The mother only foregoes her attentions when she finds them to be well fed and no longer requiring her care, or when the advancing season and scarcity of food admonish her to seek a more southern clime.

Who has not witnessed the anxious solicitude of the hen that has been robbed of her own eggs, and sat upon those of

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the duck or goose and brought forth a brood with very different propensities from those of chickens? She attends them, however, with every care that the young of her own species requires; but, in obedience to their own natures, when they come in sight of water, with what impatient delight they will tumble themselves into it and enjoy it against the protestations and to the infinite alarm of their foster mother!

There is scarcely a youth who has not witnessed the affectionate care with which the hen gathers her brood under her sheltering wing for protection from storms or threatened harm, and admired the heroic fortitude she exhibits in defending her young, with beak and claws, against the attacks of real or supposed enemies, no

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matter how large or how numerous. The ruse practiced by some animals and field birds, and particularly the partridge, of feigning a crippled condition to attract special attention to themselves by hobbling along and adroitly leading their pursuers after them and away from their young, that are thus warned to secrete themselves, shows reflection and a judgment and affection little less than human.

Many tribes of ephemeral insects, as the day-fly, or the may-fly, the aphis and the butterfly, enjoy but a brief existence of a day. They yield up their lives after depositing their eggs for the continuation and preservation of their species, in accordance with a law of their being. Some of the tribes pass through several intermediate forms of organic existence before they are fully fledged members of their

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class. But, in fulfilling the law of their lives, they sacrifice their then existing forms in their progressive development and the instinct of propagation. The locust, which remains in the egg and larva state together for seventeen years, enjoys but about thirty days of winged life and maturity, or just long enough to prepare and deposit its eggs for the preservation of its species.

Even vegetable life seems to be instinct with this principle of maternal self-sacrifice, that, loving so truly, willingly yields up its own individual existence to perpetuate and protect its kind in obedience to the Creator's first command to all living things — "to multiply and replenish." The aloe plant of Egypt's fruitful clime patiently grows until it is a century old, then blooms a numerous progeny to pre-

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serve its race, honor the parent stalk and worship its Maker.

"But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and blooming dies.
* * * * * *
And as fast as the flowers drop from the dying stem
They take root and grow lovely around.
By dying, it liveth a thousand fold
In the young that spring from the death of the old."

Such is the maternity of the living world, patiently bearing and enduring all things, even unto death. To become a mother is to hold her own life cheap, and to sacrifice it, if need be, for the preservation and good of her offspring.

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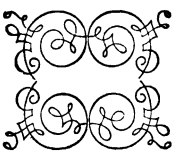

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Chapter IX.

A Mother's Sorrow for the Loss of her Child.

What a remarkable phase of love and faith we witness in the mother who believes that the life of her lovely babe is so pure and so holy as to be immortal, yet fears that it is not, and when it is sick labors incessantly, and with the most tender devotion, to restore its health and preserve its life. And even when the vital spark that animated the lovely form has fled, and friends have visited the house of mourning and condoled with her in her affliction, and the body has lain for days stark and cold in the best room in the house, dressed by sympathizing

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friends as in life, and bedecked with beautiful flowers as a guest for a festive company of kindred spirits in a world close by but just beyond the vision of mortal eye, still the mother is entirely unable to reconcile herself to the fact of her child's death, or relinquish its precious body into the hands of the undertaker, to be consigned to the cold cerements of the mouldering grave, so that it has to be taken by gentle yet actual force from her agonized and tender embraces. Sad and afflicted, she follows it to its last resting-place, and there, over its newly-made grave, she plants with her own hands flowers to bloom — bright symbols of its beauty and its innocence — often watering them with her tears of loneliness and sorrow. Visit when you will those calm, beautiful retreats where are buried at least one-half

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of the loves and hopes of a living generation, and you will always see a pilgrimage of mothers mourning for their buried sons and daughters. It is to her heavenly influence, more than to any other, that we owe the beauty of those calm retreats where sleep our dead kindred.

Bancroft, in his history of the United States, relates the following of the Indian mother: "If a mother lost her babe, she would cover it with bark, and envelop it anxiously in the softest beaver skins; at the burial place she would put by its side its cradle, its beads and its rattles: and, as a last service of maternal love, would draw milk from her bosom, in a cup of bark, and burn it in the fire, that her infant might still find nourishment on its solitary journey to the land of shades. Yet the new-born babe would be buried,

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not, as usual, on a scaffold, but by the way-side, so that its spirit might secretly steal into the bosom of some passing matron, and be born again under happier auspices. On burying her daughter, the Chippewa mother adds, not snow-shoes and beads and moccasins only, but (sad emblem of woman's lot in the wilderness!) the carrying-belt and the paddle. 'I know my daughter will be restored to me,' she once said, as she clipped a lock of hair as a memorial; 'by this lock of hair I shall discover her, for I shall take it with me,'—alluding to the day when she, too, with her carrying-belt and paddle, and the little relic of her child, should pass through the grave to the dwelling-place of her ancestors."

Some animals will lie by the side of their dead young and caress and endeavor

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to feed them until the stench from their putrefying bodies drives them away, or convinces them that there is no hope of their recovery left.

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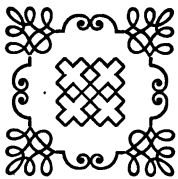

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Chapter X.

The Obligations of Maternity.

Nature is prodigal of the life of the individual, but studies with care the preservation and the good of all her species and races. Gestation in the human female is well known often to arrest for the time the progress of fatal constitutional maladies in obedience to this law, which studies with such care the multiplication and preservation of the species.

The physiological laws of life and development in the different species of animals are inexorable. Experiments with the domestic cow prove that, which is true of all animals, if she be fed on food, while with young, in which there is no

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phosphate of lime, she will, in obedience to this law of maternity, yield the lime from her own bones, even to a point of seriously weakening her own frame, or, in some cases, of entirely destroying her life, to supply that required to develop the bones of her young, so that it may come into the world perfect.

The preservation of the health of the expectant mother is of the highest importance, and her diet and cravings for particular food at the time cannot be disregarded with impunity, as they arise from a want in her system of some important element required for the physical development of her child.

The mother, if left to exercise her own free and uninfluenced choice, never deserts her child. Barbarous customs, the tyranny of laws and the exactions of so-

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ciety, may force the unprotected mother, who is a slave to or dreads their power, to murder or abandon her child. But these are the exceptions, and they only occur when the moral sentiments of the mother are deranged by luxurious customs, pampered vanity and foolish and debasing fashions, or dementing fear of losing caste. Too often, exalted and irresponsible positions in life, the possession of great wealth, or the passion for acquiring it, and the absorbing devotion to purely philosophical and intellectual studies and pursuits, tend to weaken virtuous sensibility and the influence of our conscience over our actions. The possession of these prized yet dangerous gifts too often leads us to neglect our duty to our God, and soon to doubt the justice of his law that demands restitution and

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satisfaction for the violation of his holy precepts. There is, however, a redeeming virtue in the soul whose faith teaches that God, who knoweth all things, rewards or punishes every infraction of his law *justly*, according to our deserts.

The religion or scheme of morals that can justify and support institutions that approve and facilitate the separation of even the illegitimate child from its unfortunate mother, must be in possession of the most indubitable proofs, by long ages of experience, that greater good than evil flows from its sanction of this violation of the natural law and maternal duty. Nor can we as Christians be indifferent to the irreparable calamity of an enfeebled constitution forced upon the unoffending child by such a course, as well as to the greater danger of imminent and al-

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most certain death, which follows such unnatural and premature separations of mother and child. In such cases a worldly policy of cloaking vice in deference to the opinions of society, makes detection the very soul of crime. And the philosophy of society is, that, by hiding moral infirmities or sins, their existence is practically denied or contradicted; and that knowledge of evil, instead of curing itself, multiplies its baleful influence. To my mind, this policy of cloaking vice is too much like the policy of him who conceals ill-gotten goods that he may escape suspicion and preserve, though by fraud, a good name in society. I know of no condition in life which ought to appeal more strongly to our better nature than the mother with a tender infant in her arms begging shelter and sustenance. I

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would not add one feather's weight to the already great sorrows, which are deep and ineffaceable, of her who has wandered from the paths of virtue, pleasantness and peace, by any undue exposure of her misfortune, or publicity of her progeny — the latter of which society makes her painfully feel, so far as it can, to be more of a curse than a blessing. Female frailties are viewed by men with judgment mingled with pity; but by women with feeling and aversion. Woman is, therefore more severe and unrelenting in her attitude toward her erring sisters than man, just as an insult is more keenly felt and more certain to be resented than an injury. But there is no "sweet oblivious antidote" that can neutralize the bitter regrets of a life poisoned by so fatal an error. Time and a wasting life rather

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sharpen the ever-piercing sword of regret. No key can unlock the archives of Time to efface the records of her shame. Nor is there a lethean draft that can "pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow." If she is a victim of man's base deception, her sorrows are inseparable from herself; but if she retain the sympathetic nobility of her sex, she will bear her crosses with dutiful meekness for her child's good and her own honor. She ought not to be taught the Pagan substitute for virtue--to assume a purity she has not, pretend a chastity she has lost, and, to preserve their semblance, deliberately abandon the fruit of her own life. Such a step or position would but further complicate her honor. This new shock to her conscience would destroy whatever of innocence remained. Hence-

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forth she would labor under the delusion that there is no valuable distinction between deception successfully practiced and virtuous respectability. And ever after she would believe that crime or want of virtue is not disreputable, if secrecy is preserved. Who is responsible for such doctrine? How far are accepted creeds and doctrines responsible for the evil deeds they encourage?

When accusations are made against prominent or leading spirits, they haughtily throw themselves back upon their dignity and presumed virtues, and, with an assumed self-righteousness, proclaim that they are not wicked as other men. Exposure or scandal is the horror of horrors to families, political associations and religious denominations, and particularly to the prominent members of the latter,

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who pride themselves upon the extraordinary purity of their lives, and wish others to believe their well-assumed moral perfections to be real. When, however, the evidences of guilt, or the deviations from the ordinarily recognized code of morals, cannot longer be covered up or hidden from the public, the lower and less influential classes or persons will be by them unhesitatingly sacrificed to the interests of the higher and more powerful. Pretenders of every kind are graciously conceded privileges and granted immunities by the masses. The aristocracy of practical morals, whether possessed through merit or assumption, by the religious, by the churches and their proteges, must be protected and kept free from all specific imputations of moral tergiversations, no matter how debauched

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or debauching their lives may be, or how unjustly and to what extent others may suffer in fortune, honor or reputation, so that *they* are not exposed. With them the end justifies the means. The idea of the "favoritism of heaven," and the "elect of God," or that some persons by virtue of their position or office are too good to be even suspected of evil-doing, or punished at the bar of public opinion, if guilty, has a practical existence and is occasionally enforced in all the relations of life. Thus the guilty often escape and the innocent suffer. Wickedness is even concealed, not exposed and crushed, by the ministers of heaven. The humble and defenceless are by such a course presumed to be guilty, and the sinner of influence escapes unimpeached and unrepenting. The shepherd consents to

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conceal the wolf in sheep's clothing among his flock, and hush the cry which his wicked practices have justly excited against him—his experience in crime hardening him in wickedness and giving him more cunning with which to ensnare new and innocent victims for his depraved appetites. We all know that human nature is perverse and wicked. Men are not angels, and their most earnest strivings cannot make them perfect in this life. Philanthropists and moralists must therefore deal with him as he is; but it is every man's duty to endeavor to purify his own nature and to elevate his race into worshipful obedience to God's holy precepts.

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Chapter XI.

Maternal Obligations not Transferable.

No duty to family or friends, respect for persons, or considerations for the opinions of society; no statutory law or regulation, church decree or usage, however well intended, can absolve the mother morally from the higher and divinely imposed obligation to her child, to whose tender life she owes, while strength remains, a mother's untransferable duty.

Every woman who becomes a mother does so in accordance with fixed natural laws of her being, ordained to this end by Providence. And although she may violate the moral law, yet the poorest child

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born out of wedlock possesses a soul as dear to God as the child of a king after the most imposing marriage ceremony. The natural and the moral law have the same God as their supreme law-giver. Mankind have but one Maker — the same who is their Judge. It is, therefore, almost blasphemy for man or society to institute for themselves such a code of morals as insists upon separating the illegitimate child from its unfortunate mother, even with the seemingly charitable intent of hiding her shame and preserving her character before the world; since God himself for wise purposes has made every child dependent upon its mother for sustenance. She has, in becoming a mother, assumed the obligation to support her offspring. The true Christian is bound in charity to protect the mother as well as

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her child, and in the enjoyment of their natural relation recognizing her duty and her child's claim. When the mother refuses to feed and care for her child, she violates both the natural and divine law; sins which fearfully imperil her soul's salvation. Fidelity to her maternal trust is a duty she owes to her child, and is morally responsible for to her Maker. The faithful performance of this high and honorable trust may win her a crown of glory in heaven; or its neglect or faithless performance be her utter condemnation before her just Judge and Maker.

God's providence is over all. No creature of his is too abject or insignificant to be shielded by his love or protected by his goodness. How often he casts down the proud and raises up the humble! The blackest heart, a nest for every crime,

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may be covered up under costly garments, even where the world yields its highest honors; and the fairest soul may be hid beneath unsightly rags, bowed down by heart-sorrows, contemned and misjudged by the world and consigned to hopeless poverty and every earthly misery. The Allwise alone can discriminate, who knows our frailties and temptations, and weighs motives and ends, and whose judgment is always tempered with mercy.

One of the principal reasons for the establishment by St. Vincent of Paul of the Order of Sisters of Charity, was to collect and protect the abandoned and perishing children of cruel and unnatural parents. Much good has been and will continue to be done by this Order, in the performance of its pious Christian duty in caring for infants of this class.

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The miraculous interposition of God for the preservation of Hagar and her child Ishmael—the handmaid and son of the patriarch Abraham—from perishing in the desert, is a wonderful example of special protection to the child born out of lawful wedlock, and a proof that they found favor with God, although they were outcasts from Abraham's own house by his wife Sarah. However, Abraham himself was solicitous for their safety and prayed for their protection. Hagar clung to her child, and succored it while human exertion, supported by the most devoted maternal love, could hold out, and, in the last extremity, when death seemed inevitable, miraculous aid came to both and their lives were saved. And God caused Ishmael to prosper and be-

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come the head of a great and powerful people.

The mother of the twins Romulus and Remus—the former the founder of the city of Rome and the great Roman Empire—was cruelly executed by order of her uncle, a ruler, because she was unmarried, and, by giving birth to natural children had wounded his pride or political ambition. Her children were also directed to be drowned. They were accordingly placed in a bowl or cradle, and consigned to the bosom of the drifting Tiber, to perish. The receding waters gave them a hospitable lodgment among the bushes on the bank, where their helpless cries were heard by a straying wolf, whose motherly sympathy, tradition tells us, gave them all that love could suggest—her own milk—and preserved them

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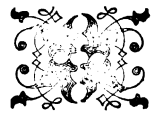
from death, and carried them tenderly to her den, where they were discovered by a shepherd in a thriving condition, and removed to his own house, and cared for by his wife, growing up in his own family.



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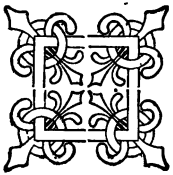

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Chapter XII.

Marriage.

Marriage is an institution of divine origin, from the instincts given by God himself to all living things, and the command enjoined upon all to multiply and replenish the earth, each after its kind. And to our race it only becomes a sacrament of his church, meriting the blessing of heaven, when the conditions and intentions of the parties give reasonable hope of a fulfillment of its sacred obligations and designs. "The sacraments were made for man, not man for the sacraments."

The holy institution of matrimony is protected in its rights in all countries by civil or ecclesiastical laws. It is meant

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to harmonize and domesticate our race, and regulate the all-important natural law for the propagation of our species in a manner that will best conduce to man's moral elevation. Man cannot elevate himself above the influences of the natural law under which he is created to live. But his observance of the rules of morals prescribed by the precepts of Revelation for his guidance through life, raises him to the highest level of perfection that he is capable of attaining on earth. The non-observance or violation of the restraints imposed by the moral law upon the exercise of the natural law must, under God's providence, be reproved with charity and punished with parental solicitude for the transgressor; forgiven as God forgave, with the injunction to "sin no more;" while the erring must be led

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back repenting, to do willingly and patiently the will of her Master.

There is no praise due to or special merit in her who simply preserves her original chastity, because it is a natural gift, and her first Christian duty is to guard it; but there is positive shame and disgrace attached to her who weakly yields or recklessly abandons this priceless and irrecoverable jewel.

The law of nature, prompting the mother to cling to and protect her child, is scarcely less strong than that which teaches her to preserve her own life. The two are equal. The woman with true maternal instinct will accept as a mortifying necessity the disgrace attached to the publicity of her shame, which requires no small degree of moral courage, rather than criminally destroy or

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wantonly abandon her offspring, and, by doing so, cloak her unfortunate incontinence, and remain the admired attraction of society.

No misfortune, disgrace or crime, however appalling to others, can stop the perpetual heart-throb of noble love, which ever beats responsive within the mother's breast—every breath of whose life wafts a prayer to God for her child's good. When all testimony seems to imperil the honor and blacken the fair fame of her child, she still views him and his misfortunes through the light of love, charity and mercy, forgiving and excusing as none other can, still hoping the best, with faith the purest, and a trust that never falters. The more contemned by the world, harassed and persecuted by rivals and enemies, pressed down by cares and

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poverty, dispirited by crushed hopes and failures, enfeebled by labor or disease, the more lavishly her affectionate attentions are bestowed upon her child—the jewel of her heart—which she protects with her life's best efforts and worships with a mother's regenerating love.

Familiarity with the dying proves that they give their last thoughts to their mother, if she be living, in preference to all other earthly friends, although they may themselves be parents. The recorded exclamations of wounded soldiers dying upon great battle-fields, where grim-visaged war reaps a precious harvest with carnival prodigality, afford unanswerable proof of this fact. Oh, what a costly field for the nation whose soil is soaked and fattened by the heart's blood of Christian kith and kin—the more lavish the liba-

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tion, the brighter growing the fancied laurels that deck their hero's brow and glorify their deeds! Here the young, the blooming, and the patriot, ripe with honors as with years, fall together beneath death's relentless scythe. The dying all call upon the magic name of mother in accents of melting tenderness, breathing a last fond, ineffaceable remembrance of her as a duty in return for her maternal devotion, sufferings, cares, and self-abnegations during their helpless infancy—though, in their agony, they may forget to name a sorrowing wife and children.

The Bible tells us with beautiful pathos how a mother's unconquered love circumvented Pharaoh's barbarous edict against the lives of infant male children, and saved to the world the great Jewish

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Lawgiver. And, although Moses grew up the adopted child in the King's household, when he arrived at maturity he refused the wealth and distinction to which his position entitled him, choosing rather to live with his mother and kindred in poverty. It also contains the touching recital of a mother's unselfish love for her child, and natural devotion to its welfare, in the history of the two women who came to Solomon, each persistently claiming the same child as her own. When, however, the King ordered a sword to be brought and the child divided in two, so that each of the claimants might have a half, the shock to the feelings of the true mother caused her to beg that the child might be given alive to the other woman, as she would rather surrender it than see it injured. The

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other claimant, however, desired that it should be divided, so that it could belong to neither. Thus Solomon knew the real mother, and restored to her affectionate embrace her living child.

Oh, what a beautiful and purely disinterested love is this of a mother for her child! It is the great elevating love of our race, binding each to each with a golden band, strong as our love of life, yet as soft as the lightest, pleasantest joy of the heart. It begins with our being, and is ever constant and active through life, and rests only when the grave covers the loved form that gave us existence, and, at the same time, the best part of herself.

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Chapter XIII.

Maternal Instinct Universal.

It is this wonderful maternal instinct, operating on the generous heart of the woman who either never has been blessed by a child of her own, or been robbed of her darling by death, that induces her to adopt and care for the deserted child of obscurity—often without a name—from the Poor House or the Orphan Asylum, the latter the great Christian home and rendezvous of the little parentless waifs of society. This yearning for a living embodiment of human hope, upon which to bestow the sympathetic and emotional part of our nature, is enjoyed almost exclusively by females, and they

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exercise their prerogative in a manner the highest degree honorable to themselves. There is not wanting in history, nor even among our acquaintances, shining examples of noble and successful efforts of foster-mothers who have reared children at great sacrifice of their personal comfort and ease, educating their hearts and minds by the best precepts and examples in moral principles and mental culture. This genius, which so pre-eminently fits woman for this high Christian duty, pervades every element of her character. It is not choice nor taste alone. Nature has invested her with this ready sympathy to relieve the multitude of little wants of childhood. Her loving caress is a potent balm for every pain, and her smile is sunshine in the darkest hour of childish sorrow.

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Some women, but mostly those who have no children of their own, and possessing better heads that hearts, pervert this feeling of sympathetic fondness for children, which so superabundantly pervades their characters, from its natural channel, to seek relief, if not satisfaction for it in the unprofitable but attractive elegancies and absorbing pleasures of a purely fashionable life; or, else, they are apt to become, through the strength of this unemployed sympathy and intellect, the enthusiastic followers or patronizing heads of some new-fangled reform movement, society or ism, which has to be kept alive rather by the amount of feeling than judgment that is brought to bear upon it. Others, with the same feelings, but with perhaps less mental energy, physical strength, or active heart

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qualities, content themselves in the enjoyment of ease or luxuries at home, by indulging a real or fancied taste for literature and the fine arts, or by entertaining their devotees. Perhaps a still less useful or poetic employment may occupy their time, as we see in the devotion exhibited by some for animals, dogs, cats, birds, and other pets. One thing is certain: this force of sympathetic love exists in every female breast, and it will select some person or object upon which to expend itself.

The step-mother occupies the most difficult and anomalous position in which a woman can be placed, there always being a popular but very unjust prejudice against her. She is too often received in her new home with more frowns than smiles by the children, who are some-

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times secretly encouraged by injudicious friends to treat her with cold hauteur that is unbearably insulting, and which, if continued, may sooner or later engender what otherwise would never have existed — reciprocal ill-feeling. The title to property owned or to be acquired; her conception of duty to her own children, if she is or ever hopes to be a mother; and the unequal positions of honor and trust in the family circle, may unawares cause her to be less tenderly attentive or considerate to her step-children than she would be to her own. This is human nature, and none but those possessing the best balanced minds on matters of human and individual rights, and with the unbounded generosity of maternal sympathy can raise themselves above these impulses. And, although maternal in-

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stinct, with its rare clusters of affections, undoubtedly extends beyond her own children, yet it is not to be expected that a strange child could or ought to supplant entirely her own, or occupy as holy a place in her affections. But every woman of genuine feeling, and endowed with the best instincts of her nature, and at all worthy to be either wife or mother, will freely and with tenderness give all that the child's good requires, or that it is possible for her to supply.

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Chapter XIV.

Maternal Sympathy in Animals.

The same feelings and elements of universal maternal sympathy extending to the young of other species, but to a less exalted degree, are noticeable in the lives and habits of animals, as the following examples will sufficiently prove.

I was at the house of a friend in this city some years ago, when a colored servant from the country brought to the lady, who was known to have a great love for birds, four young lettuce or yellow birds just out of their nest, and before they were feathered or able to feed themselves, telling her that they were

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young canary birds. This error was easily discovered, however; but it was impossible to return them to their own nests and the care of their parents. How to feed them so as to preserve their lives, was a serious question. It was suggested that she should put them into a cage along with a female canary bird that was hanging up in the room, without a brood of its own. The hint was acted upon immediately. The canary bird evinced the greatest delight, and manifested the most active sympathy and tenderness for the young strangers by instantly commencing to feed them with devoted care, continuing her motherly attentions until they had attained their full growth and were able to feed themselves. I was frequently at this house, and observed that the birds continued to live together in the

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same cage for a whole year, all the while enjoying the most harmonious relations. The yellow birds had grown so tame that the lady frequently in my presence opened the cage, permitting them to fly about the room. They would alight and pick crums off the floor, free from fear, and return to their cage at pleasure. They were handsomely clothed in the bright plumage natural to them; were healthy and happy, daily singing the song of the garden and the hedge in their shrill wild notes. But failing to mate, either among themselves or with the canary, they were set at liberty to seek their own kindred and live in accordance with their own laws. This case illustrates perfectly, as far as it goes, the fostering care, and maternal sympathy in the bird for the young of another species.

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I have serious doubts whether a strict adherence to good taste warrants me in an essay of this kind to take examples from the animal world to prove or illustrate maternal instinct or love in the human race. The two following instances of active maternal sympathy in the dog for the young of other species may shock some sensitive reader, and be open to this objection. But a moment's reflection will convince any person that maternal instinct is an essential quality in all living things, differing in degree more than in quality between animals and man. These cases of maternal sympathy, amounting almost to acts of charity, are so novel, and yet so well attested, and so exexactly in point, that I am induced to give them a place, hoping that they will offend none, but may interest all.

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Dr. King, of the U. S. Army, gave me a singularly interesting account of the tender manner in which a dog performed the duty of a mother to young pigs, and of which he was a witness.

During the early settlement of Florida, domestic animals were so scarce in that wild region as to be almost unknown. Emigrants thither and U. S. officers in charge of military posts were anxious to introduce and encourage their increase. An officer in command of one of the posts upon the coast had taken with him at considerable cost and personal exertion a sow and some other domestic animals. Shortly afterward, however, he was ordered to the command of another post, some sixty miles distant, and required to proceed at once. There was no water communication between the points; yet

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he determined to remove his stock by driving them by slow and short marches to his new home. This was rendered more difficult, however, by the fact that his sow but a few days before had brought forth a litter of fine pigs. He prized them too highly to think of leaving them behind. Three of the pigs were, however, so feeble as to be manifestly unable to even commence the journey. These were given to the other officers remaining at the post, who were induced to accept them because of their rarity, though hardly hoping to preserve their lives, as there was no cow or goat left at the station to give milk. How and what to feed them, was a serious question not yet decided. The pigs were finally given into the charge of the officers' servants and the mess cook, to be cared for as well as

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they could. They were by them put in a box and placed in an out-house, where a pointer slut had a nest with her puppies. Soon after it was discovered that the pigs had left their own nest, and gone over to the pointer, fraternizing perfectly with her and the puppies, nursing at her teats, and sleeping undisturbed in their nest. They became great pets with the servants, thrived, and grew to be large and fat, to the great surprise and delight of the officers, who had not given them the least attention. It must have been, as my informant says, a curious and an amusing sight to witness how very sociable grew this family of pigs and pups, sleeping, feeding and playing together To watch them rolling and frolicing upon the green sod before the barracks, or following the slut, squealing and begging for

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food, was the daily diversion of officers and men. Often would this affectionate foster-mother, with very different instincts, but with true maternal sympathy, stop and let the pigs feed, though her puppies were not present, with marked kindness of manner.

Another very remarkable instance of maternal sympathy, exhibited by the dog for the young of another species, was related to me by a professional brother of this city. It occurred upon his father's farm, and was witnessed by himself when a boy. His father, in looking over the farm, and among his stock, discovered a weakly lamb that had just been yeaned, its mother dying soon after. Lest it should perish in the cold, he took it up in his arms and brought it to the house, with the view of having it raised by

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hand. Children are universally fond of looking at and making pets of the young of almost every species of the animal creation. The lamb, therefore, found the warmest possible welcome from them and the servants. My informant had a choice spaniel slut that was nursing her puppies at the time, and having unbounded confidence in his favorite, he at once conceived the idea of having the lamb nurse her along with the puppies. The father laughed at the generous, but, as he thought, impracticable, idea of his boy. Enthusiasm prompted to an immediate trial, and the experiment succeeded perfectly—the lamb growing lively and healthy, the spaniel becoming very fond of it, as were the puppies, and neither ever doing it the least injury. Its foster-mother would permit it to nurse her,

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whether her puppies were present or not, in any time, position or place. They occupied a little house together, and were at all times entirely harmonious in their disposition toward each other—sleeping, eating, and playing in the most friendly manner. The lamb grew to be a powerful large sheep, but remained so devotedly attached to its foster-mother as to be almost inseparable from her; following her every place she went—no gate or fence being sufficient to stop its course. This singular attachment was entirely reciprocated. Time did not efface the instinctive maternal sympathy and tenderness felt by the spaniel for the lamb; nor did the matured strength and independence of the grown sheep lessen its affectionate regard for its generous, self-sacrificing foster-mother. All efforts to wean

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the sheep from its acquired habits and affection for the dog, and to induce it to live in the fields with its own kind, signally failed, until, at length, when the novelty was over, it had to be sold to get rid of the annoyance it produced about the house.

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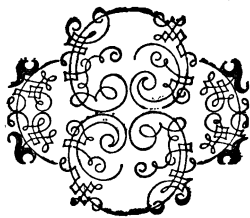

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Chapter XV.

Maternal Influence.

Although maternal instinct is universal, belonging to all animal life, and is almost as tenacious as the love of life itself, yet the customs of nations and the habits of a people often induce them to pass laws and adopt usages strongly opposed to humanity, natural sympathy, and parental love. Solon, the most celebrated of the sages of Greece, gave the sacred sanction of law to the exposure of infant children, infirm from their birth. Among the Spartans, a heroic and warlike people, this unnatural species of murder was conducted by a state committee. Vain

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alike were the pleading smiles of innocence, and the cries of helpless infancy, and the prayers and protestations of outraged maternal instinct. Barbarous customs and the martial habits of these nations had suppressed human sympathy and parental affection, and the babe was abandoned to the mercy of wolves and bears; unless in the instances where a *mother's love* was stronger than her dread of the vengeance of the laws, and her ingenuity was sufficient to secrete and protect her child. The hearts of Christian mothers bleed at the bare recital.

History teaches us that human nature, ever prone to extremes, repeats itself, so that we are not exempt from the misfortunes which have attended Eastern nations, once cultured, great, prosperous and populous. What is possible to one people is possible to all.

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Mothers! You are the great fountains of society, whence flows the stream of human life—itself a compound of good and bad propensities. Hence the necessity of mothers so guarding and directing the time and amusements of their children while young that they will not be habituated by mimic example, or tempted through idle thoughtlessness or their teachings to lead cruel, lawless, or disreputable lives and bring disgrace or disaster upon their parents and friends, or the land of their birth. The lessons given to the young with their developing sentiments, and expanding intellects, by a mother's example and council, sink deep and ineffaceably into their hearts. She ought not to fail to give both timely, the purest and the best, and in the most impressive and captivating manner. She

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knows that her children must soon set out upon life's stormy ocean without her calm presence and mature virtues to cheer and direct them—whose kiss has ever been a healing balm for every bruise, and her forgiveness a lethean draft for every wrong and sorrow. You ought to impart to them real and positive virtues as safeguards through life, making them strong in the principles of moral rectitude, and exact justice in their intercourse with men. Leaving you, they should be pure and virtuous, self-poised, self-reliant, and noble examples of moral training—full of love and charity for every one of God's creatures. Therefore, put into your children's hands miniature toys, suggestive of science and the civilizing arts, thus giving their minds a peaceful and elevated direction, instead of bedecking them with

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gaudy uniforms, guns and swords, which are ever the insignia of war and suggestive only of force and the destruction of human life. Rather encourage in them, by the innumerable means in every thoughtful mother's power, the development of, and love for philanthropic and useful studies and pursuits in life.

The fountain must also be kept pure in precept and practice, and unsullied by vice or unmatronly ambition, to preserve virtue and harmony in the world. You are the sources of population, the strength and stability of states, the support of governments, and the great conservators of organized society. How much, how very much, depends upon you in your maternal relation to secure to your children healthy constitutions, virtuous principles, and correct habits, and to insure

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peace and good will among men! Oh, keep your hearts ever sensitive, green and blooming with true maternal instinct; your honors spotless as the snows upon your everlasting hills; and your daughters will grow up to be beautiful and virtuous, and your sons brave and generous—loving, rather than hating nations and sections, and living in peace and harmony with their race and kindred. Neglect not to attach your children, when young, to you personally, with the highest earthly respect; and, as they grow older and wiser, their love will increase almost to a devotion, while you will be exalted, and they ennobled by that love.

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Chapter XVI.

The Peasant Wife.

The qualities which constitute the mother the admiration of her children the world over are as varied in degrees of perfection as they are numerous. I here present a hastily written sketch which displays the finer qualities of humanity as beheld in the humble peasant wife, who is blessed with a numerous family of healthy and affectionate sons and daughters growing up around her, and assisting her in her work day by day, in the house, in the garden, and perchance in the field in harvest-time. By industry and the proper economy of time,

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she is enabled to attend to her domestic duties and all the wants of her numerous children, listening to their childish stories, caressing and sympathizing with them in their troubles, encouraging the growth of their expanding love for herself and their father, and instructing their minds in the principles of virtue and probity. Sensitive by nature, and decorous in all her conduct, her influence produces virtuous sentiments, refined tastes, and the observance of the proprieties of life in her children.

In the fading gray of summer evenings, when the work of the day is done and the frugal supper prepared by her own hands has been spread upon the family table, around which all gather, a blessing is asked, and they eat with the relish which rural occupations and good health

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give to a mother's dishes. Her work of removing the cloth is soon concluded, as slumbrous night is gradually spreading her sable mantle over the earth, and all nature is hushing into silence and repose. Observe her then, how she seats herself without hurry or parade in the same old chair that belonged to, and was once filled in the evenings by her own mother, and around which two generations of children have kneeled, making it sacred by their hopes and prayers, so that now every one respects it as "mother's chair." It always occupies the same position on the edge of the broad stone hearth, to the side, but partly in front of the big, old-fashioned fireplace in the kitchen, where, in winter, whole sticks of cord-wood can be piled upon a blazing fire, to warm, and light, and cheer the family cir-

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cle as it gathers around for evening work and chat, or to partake of the good cheer of cider, nuts, and fruits which their industry and forethought have provided. In it she sits to whirl her busy wheel, to spin flax and wool for warp and woof of homespun, and yarn for winter mits and stockings; and in it she makes and mends the family clothing.

The room this evening is lighted by an old-fashioned iron lamp, that burns all kinds of oil. It has a twisted strip of cotton cloth for a wick, and a curved handle, to which is attached a small wire chain. To the end of the latter is fastened a sharp bodkin that serves to pick up the wick, or to stick in the cracks of the jam or wall as a hook for the support of the lamp. It is now hanging in its usual place over the jam and close to

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"father's seat," where he always goes to read the weekly paper, or to rest in the evening. It throws its flickering light and varying shadows through the room, and upon the venerated head of the domestic queen, who reigns supreme in the hearts of the whole household. There she sits, erect; with her calm, loving countenance, wrinkled by time and crossed by cares, but still soft and flexible with kindly emotions and genial sympathies; dressed in her homespun frock, with her Scotch-barred handkerchief smoothly spread over her shoulders, and crossed and pinned upon her breast; upon her head, which just begins to show the silver hairs, a faultless white and well done-up cap, with its double border neatly crimped. Thus you see the industrious wife and loving mother. Her office,

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her influence, and her virtues make her the truest type of the guardian angel that mortals ever see on earth.

Here, later in the evening, kneeling around her with clasped hands and reverent attention, are her younger children, with their innocent faces inquiringly upturned, and eyes fondly peering into her own deep orbs of love, as she had done herself when young, and as had her elder children, who learn from a mother's fond, persuasive lips how to pray to the Giver of all good and perfect gifts for grace to enable them to forgive offences against themselves as fully as they would hope to be forgiven their offences against others; and beseeching him to bless father and mother, and sisters and brothers, and to grant *all* his blessing to do acceptably his will upon earth, that they may ob-

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tain, through faith and good works, life eternal. Thus they all end the day as they begin it, with prayer and trust in God. Happy and contented, without malice and free from envy or any distracting ambitious schemes, they retire early to sleep, which comes promptly over their placid spirits, and in its undisturbed sweetness gives to the mind and body increased health and vigor for the duties of the coming day.

They awaken early, and rise with the crow of the cock and the chirp and song of the earliest birds—birds that sing their orison of thanks to God from tree and shady bower, as rosy morn lifts on high her curtain of night, letting in a flood of light that pales the brightest stars that constantly shine through the casements of the ethereal walls, and

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through the crystal floors of heaven, as beacon-lights to man on earth. Going out, they find the herds are rising from kind Nature's lap—their ever ready bed—to crop the moist and tender herbs that grow on hill and grassy meadow, while the bounteous dew yet bathes and bespangles with diamond drops, which hang pendant and glittering in the dawning streaks of day, every blade and leaflet of plant and flower that clothe and beautify the earth for man's delight and use. And, as the stillness of the night is being lost in the busy hum of the day, they enjoy, what is too much neglected, the sublimely beautiful scene of the awakening world, and breathe full drafts of the elixir of life, which is exhaled by rejuvenating and bounteous Nature, and which is redolent with the perfume of verdant fields

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and fragrant bowers. The ordinary labors of the day give but pleasant exercise to their ruddy health and vernal strength. The pleasures of their every-day life are greatly enhanced by the kindly sympathy and ready willingness that move their hearts to assist each other. A community of feeling, and a laudable pride in the virtues and good name of the family take possession of each member, while the children repose the most unbounded faith in the superior judgment and integrity of their parents. They have been, what all parents should be to their children, truthful and loving. It is not enough that children escape bad habits; their safety depends upon the possession of sound principles. They therefore judiciously fostered in their children the growth of every virtue and that confiding affection which springs from the heart of every child for its protecting parents.

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I do not assert that all mothers and families in rural districts are as perfect in character, or enjoy life in as rational a manner as the one I have endeavored to describe. I am well aware that there is among them, as in other classes of society, every shade of virtue and perhaps vice—of duty faithfully performed, or criminally neglected. The poor, the industrious, the illiterate, or the moderately educated, are not always examples of virtue; nor are the wealthy, the cultivated and the fashionable necessarily vicious or neglectful of parental duties. But I do assert that children become superior men and women whenever and wherever their lives receive from their parents that careful and unremitting supervision that is required to direct their thoughts in ennobling channels, guard their habits from idleness and vicious influences, and supply their minds with the essential principles that develop greatness of character.

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Obedient children in every sphere of life fill with joy the parents' hearts. They take the highest rank in every calling in life. They make the best citizens, and in time become exemplary heads of families, and give permanence and character to society.

The elements of filial affection are planted in the child's heart by parental tendernesss, and warmed into life by its smiles. They grow with their growth, and expand with their minds, and ripen with their years, and, if properly directed in youth, never fail to produce the most heroic and manly sentiments, becoming in time the holiest thread of the family bond, developing in parent and child the best qualities of head and heart.

Children and their affections are like the roots and tendrils of the vine, that are ever reaching out for support and direction, and which attain to the highest perfection and beauty under the beneficent

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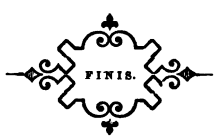
smiles and caresses of loving and virtuous parents. Theirs is a love that, during the most patriarchal life, never relaxes its hold or loses its heavenly charm, but blesses unceasingly the parents' generous hearts, and supports their tottering limbs with reverence and respect, through failing health and declining years. And, even at the grave, in decrepid old age, filial affection, once firmly cemented by nature in the bonds of mutual love, though generations old, is parted from its beloved objects with untold violence, and mourns for many days in the deepest sorrow and affliction.



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